Worcester Tuesday Jan 8. 1850

My Dear Friend, I am quite ashamed of myself, for allowing the foregoing slips to remain at the bottom of my writing box. The fact is I have been the pitiable victim of idleness ever since I laid down my pencil last Friday. On that same day I got a letter (!!!) from Garrison informing me that my first lecture here would be to night. This intelligence led me to postpone my visit to Philadelphia. On Saturday morning I saw Wm Davis of Phi: and also Wm Kirn & they agreed it would be better for me to defer my visit until I could give the fds a little more time. After I came back from

MS.A.13.1.120

the city on Saturday I returned
no more to it until I went to take
the cars yesterday for Springfield
I spent my time in going through
a multitude of Gays ~~the~~ exchange
papers from all parts of the Union -
Scissars in hand - and have made
a choice collection of scraps which
have yet to be arranged and
pasted up. Honey has gone on
with the town to Worcester
I am now under the roof of
Mr. Earle of the Spy and shall
remain here till I go to Fitch-
burg on Thursday. I lecture here
this Evening, but do not yet know
what about. I feel as if public
speaking would be quite a new
thing to me and that I was about
to make my <u>debut</u>. I'm told learn
how the best flutterer succeeds.

My friend W. Storey has been exceedingly kind to me; and though I have not thanked him in words, I am truly grateful. He is a most sincere and trusty Man. All that a companion could do he has done to make me happy anticipating my every wish, and far more. He is one of the institutions of this country of which I shall speak well. He has sheltered and blessed me. We have found unfailing occupation & amusement he in eulogising extravagantly every thing American and I in ~~opposing~~ exposing my censure to his most — More especially in reference to the Railroad Cars which I do most unaffectedly execrate as the vilest abominations in the way of travelling under the sun. Oh, the ride from

MS.A.13.1.12b

Providence to Stonington! Let
still worse, that from New York
to Springfield. I ~~twice~~ twice, but
all in vain, to extract some fun
out of our last evenings ride. We
were crowded until the space betwe
the seats was filled by persons
standing - the heat - the quality
of the atmosphere - the confinement
of the limbs - the everlasting slam
ming of the car doors - the horrible
glare of the two wretched lamps,
shining like torches in a dobbers cav
through the smoky glass - the noise -
the jolting - the concussions - the
pumping of the carriage up & down
the spitting - the shock of awakening
from a doze, with the terrible
shout of the conductor 'Meriden'
or Oshkosh! or some other strange
word singing in ones ears &c &c &c
I would not pay another such a night
for - but it is gone. Thank Heaven!